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Moral and Religious.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

[The following beautiful passage is from a sermon preached by Bishop Heber, to his parishioners, a short time before his departure for India, in 1823.]

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and repressed by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of his waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the floods lose sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal!

"And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by, have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only—who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his mercies."

Ah, ye who grasp at the cup of bliss—pause! Ye who roll in the full tide of happiness—reflect! Ye who sink beneath the pressure of adversity—endure! Remember that pleasure is the poisoned cup, teeming with destruction—that happiness resembles the uncertain sunshine of an April morning—that adversity is the school for softening the heart. If thy reliance rest on beauty, behold the fading produce of the garden's pride—if on riches, time will quickly snatch them from thee; if on power, gaze on the mouldering dust of kings and Emperors, and learn to be humble. Let Virtue rear her temple in thy heart—'tis a foundation that will not quickly pass away—neglect her ministrations and she fleeth from before thy face—obey her, and she supporteth thee forever: Fix thy choice upon her basis, thou wilt find a shield against danger; a safeguard against despair—not the adoration in the path; not the tiger in the thicket—not the point of the sword or the thunder of the cannon can appal thee. Virtue, even in distress, can assume a dignity that will awe the dastard that dares attack its loveliness. Peace dwelleth in the soul that is at rest—content reigneth only where passion hath no dominion.

THE THREE DESERTED CHILDREN.

I will record in this place (says Mr. Flint in his "Travels," a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair sample of the cases of extreme misery and desolation, that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river. In the Sabbath School at New Madrid, we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances. A man was descending the river with these three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert island, on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, which were at Little Prairie, opposite the island, within a great distance. He wanted more whiskey, although he had already been drinking too freely. Against the persuasions of his children, he left them, to cross over in his pirogue to these houses, and renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing would dissuade him from this dangerous

attempt. He told them that he should return to them soon, left them in tears, and exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink, before he had half crossed the passage. The man was drowned. These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty and ragged dress, for he had taken his last blanket with him. They had neither fire nor shelter; and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed in this situation. The elder was a girl of six years, but remarkably acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made them creep together and draw their bare feet under their clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces, and made them chew corn with their pieces. She then persuaded them to run about by setting their example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork.

It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these poor children, for, in the course of the day, some Indians landed on the island, found them, and as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them.

MICELLANEOUS.

COUNT SEGUR AND PAUL JONES.

The second number of the American Quarterly Review contains an article on the Memoirs of Count Segur, an enterprising and instructive work, recently published in London and Paris. In the year 1789, whilst the Count remained in St. Petersburg, enjoying the highest confidence and regard of the Empress Catharine. Paul Jones, whom he styles the celebrated American, (says the Review) arrived in Russia, seeking as he had always done, fresh battles and adventures. Though he carried no letters of introduction to the French Ambassador, the latter, considering every American as "a companion in arms," introduced him to the Empress, by whom he was most graciously received, and soon after appointed a rear admiral in the Russian navy. The British officers in service, declared in consequence, that they would resign their commissions; and Segur mentions, that it required all the wisdom and authority of Admiral Greig to make them desist from such a resolution, "so indignant were they at finding that an elevated rank was conferred upon a warrior whom they styled a rebel, a pirate, and a felon." It is known, probably, to most of our readers that Paul Jones was recalled from his Russian command, through the machinations of his enemies, and when again at St. Petersburg consigned to disgrace for a certain period. Americans cannot but cherish an interest in the reputation of one to whose valor and skill they were largely indebted in their revolutionary struggle; it is, therefore, with particular complacency, that we copy the following vindication from the pen of the Count de Segur, whose evidence on the subject is irrefragable:

"I can cite an example which greatly contributed, by the sad reflections it suggested, to impress more strongly than ever, upon my mind, the love of a noble liberty, in spite of all these storms which its enemies, and even its friends, have created, too frequently, around it. Paul Jones, a sharer in the victories of the Prince de Nassau, had returned to Petersburg; his enemies, unable to bear the triumph of a man whom they treated as a vagabond, a rebel and a corsair, resolved to destroy him. This atrocity, which ought to be imputed to some envious cowardice, was, I think, very unjustly attributed to the English officers in the Russian navy, and to the merchants who were their countymen. These, in truth, did not disguise their animosity against Paul Jones; but it would be unjust to affix upon all a base intrigue, which was, perhaps, but the work of two or three persons, who have continued unknown.

The American rear-Admiral was favorably welcomed at Court; often invited to dinner by the Empress, and received, with distinction, into the best society in the city; on a sudden, Catharine commanded him to appear no more in her presence.

He was informed that he was accused of an infamous crime; of assaulting a young girl of fourteen, of grossly violating her; and that, probably, after some preliminary information, he would be tried by the Courts of Admiralty, in

which there were many English officers, who were strongly prejudiced against him.

As soon as the order was known, every one abandoned the unhappy American; no one spoke to him, people avoided saluting him, and every door was shut against him. All those by whom, but yesterday, he had been eagerly welcomed, now fled from him as if he had been infected with a plague, besides, no advocate would take charge of his cause, and no public man would consent to listen to him; at last, even his servants would not continue in his service; and Paul Jones, whose exploits every one had, so recently, been so ready to proclaim, and whose friendship had been sought after, found himself, alone, in the midst of an immense population: Petersburg, a great capital, became, to him a desert.

I went to see him; he was moved, even to tears, by my visit, 'I was unwilling,' he said to me, shaking me by the hand, 'to knock at your door, and to expose myself to a fresh affront, which would have been more cutting than all the rest. I have braved death a thousand times, now I wish for it.' His appearance, his arms being laid upon the table, made me suspect some desperate intention.

'Resume,' I said to him, 'your composure and your courage. Do you not know that human life, like the sea, has its storms, and that fortune is even more capricious than the winds? If, as I hope, you are innocent, brave this sudden tempest: if, unhappily, you are guilty, confess it to me, with unreserved frankness, and I will do every thing I can to snatch you, by a sudden flight, from the danger which threatens you.'

'I swear to you, upon my honor,' said he, 'that I am innocent, and a victim of the most infamous calumny. This is the truth. Some days since, a young girl came to me in the morning, to ask me if I could give her some linen or lace to mend. She then indulged in some rather earnest and indecent allusions. Astonished at so much boldness, in one of such few years, I felt compassion for her; I advised her not to enter upon so vile a career, gave her some money, and dismissed her; but she was determined to remain.

'Impatient at this resistance, I took her by the hand and led her to the door; but, at the instant when the door was opened, the little profligate tore her sleeves and her neck-herchief, raised great cries, complained that I had assaulted her, and threw herself into the arms of an old woman, whom she called her mother, and who, certainly, was not brought there by chance. The mother and the daughter raised the house with their cries, went out and denounced me: and now you know all.'

'Very well,' said I, 'but cannot you learn the names of the adventurers? The porter knows them,' he replied; 'here are their names written down, but I do not know where they live.' I was desirous of immediately presenting a memorial about this ridiculous affair, first to the minister, and then to the Empress, but I have been interdicted from all access to both of them.

'Give me the paper,' I said; 'resume your accustomed firmness; be comfortable; let me undertake it; in a short time we shall meet again.'

As soon as I had returned home, I directed some sharp and intelligent agents, who were devoted to me, to get information respecting these suspected females, and to find out what was their mode of life. I was not long in learning that the old woman was in the habit of carrying on a vile traffic in young girls, whom she passed off as her daughters.

When I was furnished with all the documents and attestations for which I had occasion, I hastened to show them to Paul Jones. 'You have nothing more to fear,' said I, 'the wretches are unmasked. It is only necessary to open the eyes of the Empress, and to let her see how unworthily she has been deceived; but that is not so very easy; truth encounters a multitude of people at the doors of a palace, who are very clever in arresting its progress; and sealed letters are, of all others, those which are intercepted with the greatest art and care.

'Nevertheless, I know that the Empress who is not ignorant of this has directed under very heavy penalties, that no one shall detain on the way, or look into any letters which are addressed to her personally, and which may be sent to her by post; therefore, here is a very long letter which I have written to her in your name; nothing of the details is omitted, although it contains some rough expressions. I am sorry for the Empress; but since she has heard and gave credit to a calumny, it is but right

that she should read the justification with patience. Copy this letter, sign it, and I will take charge of it. I will send some one to put it in the post at the nearest town. Take courage; believe me, your triumph is not doubtful.'

In fact, the letter was sent and put to the post, the Empress received it; and, after having read this memorial, which was fully explanatory, and accompanied by undeniable attestations, she inveighed bitterly against the informers, revoked her rigorous orders, recalled Paul Jones to court, and received him with her usual kindness.

That brave seaman enjoyed with a becoming pride, a reparation which was due to him; but he trusted very little in the compliments that were unobtrusively heaped upon him, by many persons who had fled from him in his disgrace; and shortly afterwards, disgusted with a country, where the fortune of a man may be exposed to such humiliations, under the pretence of ill health, he asked leave of the Empress to retire, which she granted to him, as well as an honorable order and a suitable pension.

BURNING OF A SHIP AT SEA.

The following description of a fire at sea, as related by one of the passengers in the lost ship, is extracted from the last Scottish novel of William Galt, author of Sir Andrew Wyllie, who has recently received an appointment by the British king, in Upper Canada. The title of this book is the Last of the Lairds, but though last it is not the least of this author's productions—

"It happened said he, on a Saturday night, we had been all merry, according to the custom at sea, and had retired to our respective cabins and births, in the hope of making the Cape in the course of a day or two. I had just fallen asleep, when a sudden and strange noise roused me from my pillow. I listened, and a wild cry of fire was instantly echoed by many voices. I started up, and ran on deck; I could see nothing, but only a steamy white smoke issuing from the fore-hatchway. In a moment every soul on board was around me.

The captain with undiminished coolness ordered all to prepare for the worst, and the other officers with their trumpets were immediately at their posts, directing the crew in the attempt to extinguish the flames. The night was calm, the heavens above were all serene; and the sea lay so still around, that the ship appeared to hang in the centre of the starry sphere, so beautiful and bright was the reflection of the skies in the unbounded ocean.

I may not describe the dreadful contrast which the scene on board presented to that holy tranquillity. There were distraction, and horror, and cries, and fearful screams, and hideous bursts of delirious laughter. That there was a crash below and silence for a moment, and then the busy troubled sound of the consuming destruction, felt as well as heard, gnawing and devouring the inward frame and beams of the ship, still growing louder and fiercer.

In the meantime the boats were lowering; the first that floated was instantly overloaded, and sunk with a horrible startling cry; every soul who had so wildly leaped on board perished.

The rage of the burning still increased; it was no longer possible to go below, without the risk of suffocation.

Another boat was launched; one of the officers leaped on board, and, sword in hand, shoving her from the ship's side, suffered none to follow until water and provisions were handed in; but notwithstanding his prudent endeavors she was soon filled both with the sailors and the passengers. The mother of this orphan was standing on the gangway with her three children, she looked as if she too would have leapt into the boat, but the babies clung to her, and so hung upon her arms, that she could not disentangle herself from their fond and frantic embraces.

I tore this poor boy from off her; she cried, O save him if you can!—the third boat was by this time in the water. I flung him to a sailor on board; she snatched up the other two beneath her arms, and with a shrill dismal shuddering shriek, which made every one that hung clustering about the shrouds and gang way look round, she rushed into the smouldering cabin and shut the door.

Her madness infected all who witnessed it; the boat was pushing off; there was no other chance for me; I leapt into the water and was taken on board; many followed me, but the officer with a terrible compassion for those who might be saved hewed off their hands with his cutlass as they laid hold of the gunwale. Row, he cried to the sailors who had seized the oars, the fire is making towards the magazine; row, off, or, we shall be blown to pieces.

The sailors rowed with their utmost vigor. As we left the ship a cry arose from all the unfortunate wretches who were abandoned to their doom, so frantic, so full of woe and despair, that it made even the firm minded officer exclaim, Good God, what is that?

I covered my ears with my hands, and bent my forehead to my knees, that I might neither hear nor see.

When we had rowed to some distance, the men at the oars paused; I uncovered my ears and looked up; a deep, low, hoarse murmuring and crackling noise, came from the ship, now and then a human cry. As yet the flames had not appeared, but all around us, save where those dread and dismal sounds arose, was stillness and solemnity, and the smoke from the devoted vessel appeared like the shrouded form of some incomprehensible and tremendous phantasma, ascending from the sepulchres of the ocean to the dominions of omens and powers.

We looked at the spectral sight with terror and in silence. The orphans were clinging to my knees; at last the fire began to break out. The flames just showed themselves at the cabin windows; in a moment they whirled up the rigging; the sails blazed, and the ship was for a minute like some unblest apparition creation of sorcery. It is all over, said the officer, and his voice sounded hollowly over the mute and echoless ocean. The fire is in the gun room!

At that instant, a vast sheet of flame filled the whole air, and like an angry demon unfurling his wings, scattered meteors and malignant fires against the stars. The black forms of many things hovered like notes in the sunbeam for a moment in the blaze. I distinctly saw an anchor, and many like men with outspread arms.

That momentary and indescribable vision of fires and fragments, was succeeded by a booming roar, as if an earthquake had raised his voice from the abysses of the silent waters, and then there was a numerous splashing noise of many things falling around us into the sea, but that too soon passed and then there was darkness and silence.

At that moment a cold wet hand caught hold of mine, which was hanging over the boat's side, and a man from the sea cried in a homely Aberdonian voice, "for Christianity, will ye take me up?" The officer heard him, and relenting from his firm and merciful purpose, ordered him to be taken on board, "Na, na," cried the Scotchman, "take my bag first," and he held up to me a small haversack which I grasped and lifted in; but in the same instant, an undulation of the sea came rolling from the whirlpool where the ship had sunk; the boat rose on the swell, the fated wretch lost his hold and sank beneath forever!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y. June 15.

MELANCHOLY.—Two small boys, brothers, whose parents lived in Carthage, were drowned yesterday, while fishing below the falls. The youngest boy fell into deep water the other plunged in to relieve him, and both sunk. A still younger brother, who was with them, went with the afflicting intelligence to their parents.—Telegraph.

INSURRECTION.—A letter from a gentleman in Georgia, dated June 6, says that a most dangerous and extensive insurrection, of the blacks, was detected at Macon a few days since. They had banded together to the number of 300, supposed to be instigated and headed by a French emigrant from the Mississippi. His slaves were in the plot. They had only arrested one of the rebels. The whole of the others have made their escape.—N. E. Pal.

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.—In 1753, there were but seven chaises owned in the town of Salem, according to the excise returns in the office of the clerk of the Courts. They belonged to the following gentlemen. Mr. Samuel Gardner, Capt. Joseph Grafton, Epes Sargent, Esq. Mr. Miles Ward, and Benjamin Lyndes, Esq.

WOMAN.—There is much humour in the reply of one of Capt. Head's companions on the Cordilleras, when all around was a surface of snow—"Cheerless wild and inhospitable as the view was, still it was sublime."—He observed to one whose honest heart and thoughts clung to Old England—"what a magnificent view! what thing can be more beautiful?"—After smiling for some seconds, the Cornish lad replied, "them things, sir, that do wear caps and aprons!"

Contentment.—A gentleman meeting with a shepherd on a misty morning, asked what weather it would be? "It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather pleaseth me;" and being asked to explain his meaning, said, "Sir, it will be what weather pleaseth God; and what pleaseth Him pleaseth me."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ONE DAY LATER FROM LONDON.

On looking over a bundle of late English papers last evening, we found the London Morning Herald, of May 15—one day later than has been previously announced—which had entirely escaped our notice. This paper contains a complete report of the debates in Parliament on the evening of the 14th, and extracts from the Paris papers of the 12th and 13th.

This paper also contains an interesting letter from the correspondent of the Morning Herald, who has written for months past upon the affairs of the Greeks. It is dated on board of His Majesty's ship Talbot, Smyrna, March 25, and contains the following important passages:—

Some of the officers of the Cambrian have just arrived from Constantinople, where they had been staying for the last two months. Among them was Lieut. Wellesley, son of our Ambassador at Vienna. From him I had the following: Mr. Canning has not yet taken any steps in favour of the Greeks at the Porte. He told Wellesley he had instructions so to do, but that he and the Russian Ambassador could not agree on the terms that should be proposed to the Porte. In consequence of this Mr. Canning had not been able to lay before the Porte, the sentiments of the British Cabinet relative to the Greeks. It is well known to be the wish of England that Greece should be a free nation; but Mr. Canning intends to stipulate that she should pay a tribute to the Turks, choose their own Government, and the Porte is not to interfere in any way with the internal administration, but is to rest satisfied with the tribute.

The Turkish fleet were getting ready for sea. They consisted of three three deckers, eight or nine line of battle ships, and several frigates. The Sultan superintends every thing, and reviews the troops every day. They are much improved of late, and are chiefly instructed by renegade Frenchmen. One of the chief Turkish Generals is a renegade Frenchman. The capital was quiet, but people generally seemed to doubt that it would continue so. Different guards were day and night parading the town, and entering all the coffee-houses. I suppose you have heard that the Commissioners who signed the treaty of Ackerman were all assassinated on their return to Constantinople. This was the Sultan's order. The reason alleged is, that they were not authorized to go so far in their concessions as they did. The Sultan and the Grand Visier nightly parade the streets in disguise, to see whether any disturbance is going on, and whether their orders are executed. Hardly a day passes without the shedding of human blood, from mere jealous suspicions.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

BALTIMORE, JUNE 20.

LATEST FROM THE PACIFIC.—The brig Inca, Capt. Conklin, arrived this morning, in a short passage from Valparaiso. We have received from our attentive correspondent in Lima, letters, and a variety of printed documents respecting the revolution which took place in January last, the result of which, our readers generally know, was the rejection of the Constitution given to Peru by the Liberator, and the intention of substituting one more congenial to the wishes of the people—our letters generally are bitter in their denunciation of the ambition of Bolivar, and the documents go far to criminate him, but we shall still wait for further testimony before we abandon a man whose only fault, we believe, lies in his judgment, and not in his principles. The documents spoken of in one of the annexed letters, we shall translate hereafter.

[PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.]

To the Editor of the Baltimore Gazette, "LIMA, Feb. 20, 1827.

"On the 26th January last we had a complete change in this Government, several of the Ministers were dismissed, a new Congress is to be convened in this city on the 1st of May, for the purpose of making a Constitution, &c. &c.

"The people are very much opposed to General Bolivar, particularly to the Constitution which he forced them to accept. We have not as yet learnt the decisions of the people of Guayaquil and Arequipa, but are momentarily expecting to hear from those places, which no doubt, will be in conformity with the sentiments of the people of this Capital."

LIMA, 25th of February, 1827.

"We now enclose you a Gazette containing several very important official letters and documents, which, if they are not too long getting to hand, will perhaps prove interesting, as they develop in a great measure the ambitious plans of General Bolivar respecting this Republic.—You may rely upon the authenticity of the statement of the Minister Villalobos in his letter to General Santander."

SALARIES IN IRELAND.—The salary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is £7,000, per annum—equal to \$120,000. The salary and fees of office of the Chief Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, amounts to £3,000—equal to \$25,000. And more than the salary of the President of the United States.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

TREMENDOUS STORM AT SEA.

The following singularly interesting narrative is communicated to the Liverpool Commercial Chronicle of May 12:

"Ship New-York, Prince's Dock, Liverpool, May 11, 1827.

"Sir—I trust that, although a stranger, I shall find a sufficient apology, in the very uncommon nature of the occurrences herein described, for troubling you with the detail of the following particulars. This ship has been twice struck by lightning on her present voyage from New-York. On the 19th of April, our third day out of the Gulf Stream, (lat. 38° 9' N. long. 61° 17' W. at noon) about half past five in the morning, being in our births, we were roused by a sound like the report of heavy cannon close to our ears. In a moment we were all out, and the cabin and all parts of the ship were filled with a dense smoke, having a strong smell of sulphur. From the deck the word was quickly passed that the ship had been struck with lightning, and was on fire. The consternation which for some minutes prevailed may be more easily imagined than described. Every one ran on deck with a full impression that the ship was in a blaze. There all the elements were in violent commotion. It had been broad day, but so dark, so dense, and so close upon us were the clouds, as to produce almost the obscurity of night. There was just sufficient light to give a bold relief to every object in the appalling scene. The rain poured down in torrents, mingled with hail stones as large as filberts, which lay upon the deck fully an inch thick. Overhead blazed the lightning on all sides, accompanied by reports almost simultaneously, thus evincing its nearness. The sea ran mountains high, and the ship was tossed from one sea to another with incredible rapidity. One appearance was peculiarly remarkable. The temperature of the water was at 74 degs. of Fahrenheit, while that of the atmosphere was down to 48. This produced a copious evaporation, and caused immense clouds of vapour to rise, which, ascending in columns all around us, exhibited the appearance of innumerable pillars supporting a massive canopy of clouds.—These phenomena are extremely unusual, no person on board ever having witnessed anything like it before. In all directions might be seen waterspouts, which, rising fearfully to the clouds, seemed actually to present to the eye a combination of all the elements for destruction of every thing on the face of the deep. Altogether the scene was one of awful sublimity which baffles description.—Amid this scene of impending ruin, when all nature was in the utmost confusion—when natural science and experience could avail nothing—while an irresistible element was playing about us, and the ship seemed on the very verge of fate: when, in short, dismay and despair were reflected from every other countenance—nothing could exceed the calm tranquillity of Captain Bennett—nothing could excel the firmness with which every order was given, for examining the ship, in prospect of meeting fire below deck, nothing could equal the manner in which every one was encouraged with the hope of security, even beyond what in reason could be expected.—thus I but echo the sentiments of all on board.

"But I hasten to my narrative. Some parts of the ship and spars were for a moment on fire, but were quickly extinguished by the rain. The ship was then, though roughly, examined to ascertain whether the electric fluid had penetrated among the combustible part of the cargo below the lower deck. This investigation disclosed the following facts:—The lightning having struck the main-royal-mast head, shattered the mast head, and descending thence, penetrated the deck into one of the store-rooms, the bulk-heads and fittings of which are completely demolished. Then separating, one part was conducted by a leaden tube to the side of the ship, through which it passed out between wind and water, starting the ends of three five inch planks. Another portion from the store-room passing into the ladies' cabin, shivered to atoms the plate of a large mirror, leaving the frame uninjured.—From the looking-glass to the piano-forte was an easy transition; it touched the instrument with no delicate impulse, dismounting it, and leaving it out of tune.—Thence it passed through the whole length of the after-cabin and out at the stern windows. Fortunately we were all in our births at the moment. Upon these facts I would venture briefly to remark, that the mast-head was bound by four iron hoops, say from two to three inches wide, and nearly half an inch thick. These attracting the fluid and being themselves insulated by other less powerful conductors would naturally at the instant accumulate a large repulsion of the fluid, which by the violence of its action, burst the hoops asunder, and shattered the mast head and cap. Into the cabin store-room it seems to have been conducted by a leaden pipe near the main-mast under the deck. The quicksilver on the back of the mirror was sufficient to attract it thither, when it would be diffused over the whole surface of the glass, which being the most perfect non-conductor known

was thus shattered into countless pieces. The atmosphere being very moist, the dampness of the cabin floor, for want of a better conductor, might probably aid in carrying it to the windows.

"Being all in our births, enveloped in beds and bedding of non-conducting materials, we reposed in comparative safety, while the deadly bolt careered around us with fierce and resistless energy. Doubtless, a feather bed is the most safe retreat in such cases. Had it been later in the day, and the passengers about the cabin, the chances are, that it would have been fatal to many of us.

"The operation of the second shock was very different from the former, and is more deserving of attention, as furnishing a new instance in proof of the efficacy of lightning-rods, as a protection at sea. We had a chain conductor on board; but it not being the season to expect much lightning, and the first shock coming on quite suddenly, it was not up at the time. The morning squall was over; it continued, however, to blow fresh all the day, and about noon, heavy clouds began to gather in on every side, rolling their volumes apparently among the rigging. We had reason to expect more lightning; the conductor was prepared, and Captain Bennett ordered it to be raised to the main-royal-mast head.—It consisted of an iron chain, having links, one fourth of an inch thick, and two feet long, turned in hooks at each end, and connected by rings of the same thickness, and of one inch annular diameter. This chain was fastened to a rod of iron, half an inch thick and four feet in length, with a point well polished and tapered, in order to receive the fluid with facility; it was secured to the main-royal-mast, the rod extending two feet above the mast head, and thence it was brought down over the quarter, and repelled by an oar, protruding, say ten feet, from the ship's side, and sinking a few feet below the surface of the water.

"Dr. Franklin was of opinion that a rod of this size would sustain without injury the severest shock of lightning. I have been thus minute in stating the dimensions of the chain, for the double purpose of conveying some idea of the force of this shock, and of impressing the necessity of providing larger conductors. The chain, however, in this instance performed its office, and it was up in happy time to avert a blow that, in the opinion of all on board, must have sent this staunch vessel in an instant to the bottom.

"Soon after 1 P. M. we saw lightning; a little before 2 observed a very smart flash; looking at my watch, which works seconds, I counted four when the report followed; I felt no alarm, however, having frequently known it to approach nearer without any injury. At 2 o'clock we were astonished by another shock like that in the morning; the flash and sound simultaneous. I happened to be in the cabin with another passenger; a ball of fire seemed to dart down before us; at the same moment the glass in the round house came rattling down below. Those on deck agreed that the whole ship appeared to be in a blaze, from the vividness of the principal flash, which they distinctly saw darting down the conductor, and agitating the water. All parts of the ship, as before, were filled with smoke, smelling of sulphur.

"The ship was again thoroughly examined.—The conductor had been rent to pieces by the discharge, and scattered to the winds; small fragments of it were found on deck; in saving the ship it had literally yielded itself to the fury of the blast. The pointed rod was found to be fused and shortened several inches, and covered over with a dark coating; some of the links had been snapped off and others melted. The whole operation was singularly striking, and affords another of those rare cases where the conductor yielded to the violence of the shock, while it effectually averted the bolt from the object it was designated to protect.

"This was a property of the rod, of which Franklin was satisfied very early after the application of a theory that has disarmed the lightning of heaven. One of the earliest cases which fell under his notice, I believe, occurred in one of the Dutch churches in New York—a chain connected with the clock probably saved the church much damage, but the chain itself was melted.

"Mr. Ross, the second officer, was prostrated, and three of the men struck, but none much injured. It affected the polarity of all the compasses, causing them to vary from the true point and between each other. They gradually assumed a bearing, by which we have steered, though still three points out, as we have just discovered. The Captain's chronometer was very materially affected; it usually crosses the Atlantic with varying three seconds; it has now proved to be out as many degrees. Curious as are these effects, they are still more interesting in an experimental view. Such facts, carefully noted down at the time, afford useful data in the cause of science. Thus collected, they are at your disposal. When it is considered that not one vessel in fifty is prepared with a conductor, cases of this kind ought to admonish ship owners of their utility. Capt Bennett is determined to go well armed with them in future. It

would be well to have one ready to be raised at each mast in case of emergency; and, for the safety of the chain, it ought to be half an inch in diameter."

"We have visited," says the editor of the Liverpool Chronicle, "the ship since her arrival, and the traces which remain of the operation of the first shock, together with the concurrent testimony of Captain Bennett and his mates, and the state of the iron rod, and such portions of the chain conductor as have been preserved, which, for the present, may be seen on application at our office, have served to convince us of the general truth of the foregoing letter, and of the singular good fortune attending the timely application of this simple but philosophical invention of the admirable Franklin, which no ship should be without. Many additional particulars were recounted to us by Captain Bennett, which the pressure of other matter, and the shortness of the time remaining to us, prevent us, at present, from repeating. The following circumstances, however, communicated to us by Roskell and Son the chronometer makers, in Church-street, are too interesting to be passed over. Captain Bennett's chronometer, after observing, for a considerable length of time, an uniform rate of 7-10ths of a second gaining, and being nine minutes forty-two seconds slow of Greenwich time, when the vessel left New-York, was found, when compared in Liverpool, to be twenty-four minutes thirty-three seconds fast of Greenwich; and three lever gold watches belonging to three gentlemen passengers by the ship, contracted the magnetic power to such a degree as actually to require the principal part of the steel work to be renewed."

ALARMING.—We learn from the Boston Statesman that there are only two 'republican' newspapers now printed in Massachusetts, viz. *itself*, which is for Jackson, and the only one in his favor, and the *Pittsfield Sun*, which is in favor of 'nobody in particular', like some we have in this state; the rest are all 'federalists', according to the Statesman.

In New Hampshire the case is nearly as deplorable; Mr. Isaac Hill's Patriot, we believe is the 'last of the Mohicans.' It had two or three 'genuine' compatriots a few weeks ago; but one of them has died of the Jackson fever; another, the *Dover Gazette*, has changed proprietors, and is backsliding into a moderate and very decent course; and a third, the *Newport Spectator*, is the only one who sticks to the 'master spirit' of New Hampshire: consequently these two are only 'republican' papers in that state.

Mr. Van Ness is the only genuine republican now in the state of Vermont. Maine has a few, but they are shy and cunning; they avoid the genuine test of democracy, which is an undisguised support of Gen. Jackson for the Presidency; and we fear the Statesman and the Patriot will denounce them as 'wicked federalists,' if they do not speak out more boldly.—*Kennebec Journal.*

The most dishonorable conduct we ever heard attributed to Gen. Jackson, is the fact, as related, that he shot Charles Dickinson in a duel in 1806, after Dickinson had thrown away his fire. And then he wrote a letter to Sam. Pryor, a noted gamester, and crony of the General, containing such a notable passage as this—"I reserved my fire, and when I did shoot, you may be sure I left the damned rascal weltering in his blood." We do not give implicit credit to this statement, though the facts of this duel have before been mentioned as more creditable to him than his other duels.

The Grand Jury for the city and county of Albany, on Thursday, found a true bill against Jesse Strang, for the murder of John Whipple, at Cherry Hill, near Albany, on the night of the 7th of May last. They have also found a bill against Elsie D. Whipple, the wife of the said John Whipple, for being a participant in the murder. Mrs. W. was yesterday arrested, and is now in prison to await her trial, which will probably be in July.

On Thursday, subsequent to the indictment, and about 9 o'clock at night, Strang sent for Mr. Becker, the gaoler, and made a full confession of his guilt. In his confession, he implicated Mrs. Whipple, the wife of the deceased, who, he says, repeatedly urged him to the commission of the fatal act, which he has often declined, until finally in an evil moment, he yielded to her solicitations. What Strang says on this subject ought to be taken with great allowances, as he has heretofore made similar charges against Mrs. W. and subsequently, after first denying that he had made them, declared that if he had done so, he said what was false.

Strang states that on the night before mentioned, he was in this city, and after purchasing a piece of cloth at Sheldon and Sykes' store in South Market-street, near Beaver-Street, and then going to Meigs' apothecary shop, at the corner of South Market and Hudson street, and buying some spike oil, he immediately proceeded to Cherry Hill, where he had there secreted, and ascended an elevation in the southwest corner of the yard, from which he could look in at the window of Whipple's room, and from which place he intend-

ed to shoot. But finding that he could not see Mr. W. from that place, he went to the shed under the window, and hid his rifle in the gutter, moved a bag so that he might climb up, then took off his boots and stockings, put the latter in the former, and drew on another pair of stockings which he had taken with him; then got on the shed and took a deliberate and too successful aim at his victim. He says he heard Whipple exclaim, "O Lord!" He then threw his rifle to the ground, jumped down, and taking it up and the boots, he fled north and west from the house till he came to a creek on the borders of a piece of woods, where he laid the rifle and the dirty stockings in the mud. He then put on his boots, and proceeded to the Whitehall road, and went down to the main road, and thence back to Cherry Hill, where he arrived in company with several persons from the vicinity. He says that in ten minutes from the time he left Meigs', Whipple was a dead man. The same night, Strang served as one of the coroner's jury, which sat on the body of Mr. Whipple.

The rifle was found yesterday morning, at the spot described by Strang, but the search for the stockings being unsuccessful, permission was obtained to take Strang to the place in a carriage, that he might point out the exact spot where he had put them. But as they could not be found, it is supposed they have been swept further down the creek by rain, and search is now making for them.

While at Cherry Hill, Strang conducted the officers into the woods to a tree in which were three bullets, and about which were scattered some pieces of glass. He says that he was doubtful whether a ball fired through glass would not glance; and if that were the case, he would not be sure of hitting Whipple. He therefore, to test the matter, procured some glass and fired through it at an object placed behind it on the tree, and the result proved that a ball would pass through without glancing.

Albany Dai. Ad.

NORTHAMPTON, June 6.

TEASEL.—Some of the farmers of Williamsburg have undertaken the culture of the teasel, or fuller's thistle, and it is estimated that this plant now occupies about 90 acres in that town. It is gratifying to see the attention of farmers turned to new articles of agriculture which promise to reward their labors, especially at the present time, when foreign markets for our products are becoming more and more limited, when measures for extending our domestic markets are violently exposed by the statesmen and planters of the south, and when the vast and fertile regions of the west are pouring their productions into the cities of the northern states.

The teasel is cultivated in England, France, Holland, Germany, &c. for the purposes of raising the nap upon woollen cloths. The following remarks upon its culture are abstracted from Mr. Loudon's Encyclopedia.—"The teasel grows strongest on deep, loamy clays, not over rich. The soil should be ploughed deep, and well pulverised. In England it is frequently sown broadcast, but it is better to sow it in rows with intervals of 18 to 24 inches between them; the plants in the rows should be kept clean and mellow by ploughing and hoeing. The heads are cut at three different times as they become ripe, by means of a knife with a short blade. A pair of strong gloves is necessary in this operation. The heads, attached to a few inches of the stem are tied in handfuls, and put in dry sheds, whence they are taken out and exposed to the sun daily till they become perfectly dry. No rain should fall upon them. In England they are sorted into three kinds according to the quality, and then made into packs. The produce varies from 50,000 to 250,000 heads of the first and second sorts of an acre. The crop often fails. Parkinson observes that by burning the straw and refuse stuff after the crop is gathered, the teasel will be found not to impoverish, but to improve the land. To save seed, leave a few of the best heads, and when ripe, the seed may be separated by hands.—*Gaz.*

LATE NEWS.—The ship *Siles Rindards* arrived at New-York on Tuesday of last week. Our news from Liverpool, is to the 26th of May, the day the packet sailed. We learn by *Nash's Enquirer* that Lord Cochrane, had been appointed High Admiral of the Green fleet, and had called on a secret expedition.

OUTRAGES, May 6.

The Leipzig fair proves to be much more favorable than was expected. A great deal of business has been done in almost every branch of trade.

Since the arrival of Lord Cochrane in Greece, the Porte seems to be still unfavorably disposed towards the English Ambassador. It is affirmed that the Greeks intend to blockade the port of Alexandria, and to prohibit European vessels from entering or leaving it.—*Leedsburgh Gaz.*

A serious accident has happened to the tunnel making under the Thames. An aperture was made by which the tunnel and shaft were both filled with water.—Great exertions were making to stop the leak by throwing bags of sand into the river, and Mr. Lumsden, the projector, is of opinion that he will be able to overcome the difficulty.

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Albany Dai. Adv.

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VOL. IV.]

MORAL AND

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